THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1748.

Original Poetry.

A MEMORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CLARA MORETON

I stood alone on the watering shore
Of the solemn sounding sea,
And softly there whispered a low sad voice,
With their deep—like melody.

The distant surf, with its muffled roar,
Where the loneliest breakers fall,
Looked like the troubled ebb of some's pleasure
When the tide comes back to all.

Over the beach and over the surf,
And over the waves' cold path,
Our sweetlight fell in an holy calm
As ever on my spirit hath.

I wanded out on I sat alone,
Or one who was by my side.
I heard, indeed, a voice deep tone,
In sight of the rippling tide.

And a wide of more empty up my heart,
While my eyes grew wet and dim,
I heard, indeed, a voice deeper,
The chant of a funeral hymn.

Never again on the shores of Time
Shall that footsteps resound to me
In morning waves have flown to the grave
The first that I loved to meet.

But I cannot hear from my life away
Which sweep my heart at remembrance
As the circle sweep o'er the blue.

Original Novelet.

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

BY EMILIE F. CARLEN,
AUTHOR OF "OUR YEAR OF WEDDING," "THE BRIDE OF GARDONA," ETC. ETC.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH,
FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELBERT PERCE.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XV.

HERE BE LYKKE'S LETTER TO HER UNCLE.

"DEAREST BERTHA!

"Well, then, I can no longer withstand your tender and earnest entreaties. I will speak to you, to-day.

"Ah, pride is a powerful adversary to vanquish. The struggle has been a severe one, and cannot my heart to bleed, and the wounds to bleed slowly, in consequence of this self same pride, which grovels in my every action.

"You are right. This gay bathing place, with all its dissipations, is really hateful; and the last days of my visit here are at hand, and he has not yet arrived.

"Yes, I will be perfectly heartbroned in the presence in which I am writing; but the paper itself is the cause of my confusion.

"A poor woman are born to endure trouble and mortification, and we are that whether we will or not. Pardon me, dearest, if I once humbled, nothing remains to be sore our virtue, and the best remains to be done.

"But, my dear Bertha, confident of all that interests my heart, from you I expect the sympathy where which every look contained when we were together! Pardon my neglect, I will repay for it by a long letter, containing everything I have.

"But to understand everything aright, let us commence at the beginning.

"All in, perhaps, nearly three years ago, when I and I were riding in our carriage to the vicinity of ——. You will remember that we were then driving in the new carriage, which Ludwige came flying, in the highest sense of the word, against our vehicle.

"Bertha, dearest, do you remember how frightened we were? We should certainly have had a long ride to the city to purchase a fresh carriage, and, as quick as light, ordered our horses by the bridle. My cries were heard, and with terror, at the mere recollection of the pleasant sentiments that filled my heart when I saw him, so beautiful in his youth, so noble and chivalrous, as with his strength and courage he held the horse immoveable. And then, Bertha, when he escorted us to our seat of the best rooms of the inn—while the landlord presided, Lars Peter, Esq., made himself comfortable down stairs—his noble heart and his grandfather's sentiments quite spoke out our mother's oft-repeated injunction: 'Be careful and prudent, girls, if you should happen to meet a gentleman with a good heart.'

"And then, Bertha, don't you remember how we told him, that during papa's accidental absence from home, we had received summons to a ball? We rode to the city to purchase the necessary presents for papa on his return? Whether he danced with us and every subsequent dance we had ready for the celebration of that happy day. We [illegible] at his politeness, and considered that nothing would be better than to invite him, in case he should be in the vicinity to be present at our festivities. Was not that the idea of this? And then he smiled so graciously, and I should be sympathized with our gratitude.

"And we parted from him.

"Ah, if we had parted forever!

"But it was to be different, and I almost shuddered with joy, when, on that well-known ball, I saw him approaching, standing to me, and inquired in my ear: 'The unknown gentleman has returned! I will hold the horse longer—I promise!'

"We stood like two conjured criminals. Then, to our astonishment, papa himself commanded the stranger to us, and introduced him to his friends as an acquaintance. Captain Rolf Ehrenstrom.

"Papa and the captain had often met each other before, and it seemed to us as if we had been acquainted with him always. But why should I detain you? You, my dear friend, are already familiar with them.

"Yes, yes, just so it has not been—at least here not, that I improvised treasure that I should not sufficiently restrain my feelings! I am almost accidentally betrayed myself to him. Whether it is my conscience that speaks, or whether it is the voice of my heart, I know not; but here—enough, I believe, I must confess—I know that my soul belongs to him, and that my happiness is in his hands.

"But, my dear Bertha, God knows that I never forgot the modesty of our sex in my weakness.

"The acute-looked is, however, that I acknowledged him.

"Dearest Bertha, I would reproachme it at the end of a whole year of my life—but I have promised to tell you all, and I shall keep my word.

"But the cloud of melancholy which darkened his brow ever disappears! And yet was he not gentle and beautiful!

"As it separating them, that after three weeks of uninterrupted friendship and love, they [illegible] were to be wooing!

"Yes, Bertha, I remember the objections you made—do not repeat them. You were then only fifteen years old, but you were more sensible than I. Too then old, Wait. Intense to me that Mr. Harman's behaviour is ostensible and unnatural.

"And mamma—oh, we have lost our dear, dear mother. We can no longer listen to her prudent counsel, and follow her motherly love commands, and then wrongly entreat her to pardon us. She was with us then, and she said 'wait,' also.

"But was—the warm blood of my heart was impelled, and drove me forward—I was filled by a ring of betrothal, almost before I thought of the possibility of such a thing. And from that day, my dear sister, you have thought that my sentiments for you were changed. You must think so, my friend, that my heart was closest to you—yet, a self-opinion, we have loved the most severe wrestlings. It was my firm determination—and I entreated it a holy vow—that everything which concerned Richard and myself should be concealed from the knowledge of all except ourselves.

"I persuaded not to listen to the advice of counselling friends who urged me to do something, which I never could consent to—to liberate myself again.

"You must remember that Richard, who was in independent circumstances as far as wealth is concerned, wished that our wedding should take place immediately; and that papa would not comply with mamma's desire that it should be postponed, that he considered it a great sacrifice of happiness for the daughter of a captain who had retired from the service, and had no other means of support except his half pay, and the revenues of a smallhouse.

"Richard will, however, was fulfilled. Our Heaven Father called her from us, and we wedding was postponed.

"Now I'll speak of the bitterest moment of my life—and, not so bitter as the moment when I stood by the bier of my mother, about two weeks after the funeral, when I could not attend the memorial ceremony, could no, and you must remember—that I had sympathized with us in our affliction. Heavenly Father! I was then bowed on the intercession of his visit, he said to me in a tenderly: 'When shall our marriage take place, good Hilda?'—good Hilda. He called me, dear Hilda—just when we were not, and yet I had the weakness once to weaken you spoke of the contentness of his love. Ah, I was then of his heart! Men of sense remember that they are not children, and that they are alone without tenderness of their hearts.

"But it went simply: 'Good Hilda!'—which would have been a sufficient expression, than to express of love—which caused my heart so acknowledge; no, it was the unnatural sound of his voice, which pained me in spite of his endeavors to prevent it. There was no endearment in it, such as I, feel that I was longed to hear.

"The wound had stanged since his hasty proposal for wife, and now it was again pulled him to deep and stained.

"I replied to him that as I should have done. I told him that as long as I continued to mourn for my dear, I could not put aside the sad remembrance of my mother.

"And how loudly you continue to wear mourning garments!' he interrupted me.

"'Twelve more, perhaps more,' I replied.

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"Bertha, dearest, my heart trembled almost [illegible] Twelve months yet!"

"It is impossible for me to describe the pain I felt on reading this letter.

"And I remembered how you remarked how her mother's death affected her, and how I guessed affectionately me, that if we were betrothed to each other, should not remain away so long.

"And why was I replied with my usual unkindness? Why, my strength, but it would have conceive the deepest shame if I should ever appear to a person with as his indifference indulged in my sorrow only when I be shown.

"Should he accompany you at least once into city?' I would be not such to be with you, but only once at home? you would certainly inquire.

"Then I will cause no act of astonishment—no, I will not pity me?

"Why did you never see me? Why have you always that sly naked expression in the eyes of the watering-place, and Hilda, herself, that nothing was made you so unhappy? Oh, self; she was entirely a different person, and both had written that they were to visit us next in Smaaland, and therefore you see me soon there as soon as possible.

"I am not well to-day; but I know that there is something which pains me, and which would have understood each other better.

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"Well, I will certainly meet you at the watering-place. I shall start in right days; but do not be uneasy if I am delayed a few hours.

"Farewell, my friend! Whatever may happen, rest assured that my esteem and friendship shall ever follow you.

"RICHARD.

"P. S. I assure you, Hilda, that this letter deserves your attention. I have your anger. Do you only know—if you only knew——

"But I hope, under all circumstances, to be with you soon."

CHAPTER XVI.

BERTHA.

We will now seek the person to whom the letters were sent.

The youthful Bertha was seated in a swing which had been erected in the garden of her brother's country residence. One of her arms was clasped around the trunk of a small tree, from the top of which beneath the widespreading branches of two old chestnut trees, while she concealed her face with her other hand, through whose white fingers two or three pearly tears were trickling.

In her lap reposed two open letters; were they the cause of this sorrow?

But was Bertha's pain at the affection of her heart's friend so deeply?

It's all appearances it was not: for when she commenced her hand, and reached her feet in consequence, which was equally intelligent and agreeable, her rosy lips curled into a disdainful smile, and she whispered:

"The poor child has certainly not come to the right decision.

Bertha, who was three years younger than her sister, experienced an affectionate and almost motherly interest for Hilda, although this expression might indicate to the contrary.

"I hope," continued she, with deep emotion, "I hope that she will remain firm. Oh, how I would rejoice if Hilda should be found, and that she has become weary of being a sealed book to me."

She took a quick at a flash of lightning a cloud darkened Bertha's black eyes. She struck her forehead with her hand impatiently, and her tears commenced flowing anew.

At this moment she was disturbed by an old gentleman, who, with a letter in his right hand, had crudded all her little secrets.

"Good gracious, Miss Bertha!" said the old lady, "what is the matter? I am sure that I cannot see those tears without pain—but it is not the first time you have shed them since the letter would not wait long; but the wedding, the husband and the ball would come much in demand."

"Ah, that is not it, dear Caius—I would speak to you of something more importune."

"What, has the pastor dared to press his suit before the time? Ah, when I am married I am something in his eyes when we met him on the hill near the church and heard him speak of the [illegible] and above all I can now here as many books as I desire. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, Miss Bertha—then you are compelled to commence some new occupation at home?"

"No, no, I tell you."

Bertha assumed an important and dignified air.

"What, no more work?"

"Oh, yes, but only when I please."

"Why then, Miss Bertha, do you complain?"

Bertha sprang from her seat and stood before the old housekeeper. Clad in homemade garments and with her head covered with her own brown hair smoothly brushed back from her forehead, she looked like a beautiful statue of sleeping. She elevated her innocent mot happy face, and assumed a proud dignified grace, while she commenced to read from the letter sheet which she were with as much apparent pride as if it had been made of the most costly silk.

"What shall I say to all this folly?" said the old lady with a smile.

"Does it not appear most just—at least can not think so—that I, the little sister, must remain at home to skim the milk, while my sister is enjoying herself at a gay watering-place?"

"Dear Bertha, your father could only take me with him."

"Pyo! Do you think that I blame him, the best of fathers?—no, no—but now, that I can visit my watering-place too—then comes my sister—that I can wear a silk gown—let me see—shall it be a light blue, or a dark one? Or violet colored silk. I shall have a white tunbelt bonnet with flowers—and a pursed of the finest—But Bertha interrupted herself, and with increased vivacity said,

"You can not suppose that I am at the gate?"

"He is an escaped convict," said Caius.

"Caius, do you wish to offend me?" she said in a trembling tone of voice, "and you, Miss Bertha, may attend to yours. The visitors from the watering-place will soon be here, stretching their necks to see you."

"Hmmm, you old grumbleton! I am going immediately. But do not disclose the secret I told you. Did you ever see a white bonnet trimmed with roses?"

"Never, to my knowledge."

"Then you will see—but now you may hope to see me."

Laughing in ecstasy at the old woman's perplexity, Bertha hastened to the house, leaving the old lady a person with [illegible] with Bertha growing.

But Bertha was well aware how far she could rely upon their friendship.

Every Sunday, when they met at church, these ladies indulged in various remarks concerning Hilda's presence. They discussed her and con the probabilities and improbabilities of the matter; whether her betrothed had met her at the watering-place, or if it had been agreed, and whether the day for the marriage had been appointed, and whether Hilda was the object of their visit, and felt that as a hostess she could not remain silent, as she had done in church, during such conversations.

She fortunately conceived a happy strategem, which was to open the [illegible] barrel, before her visitors could question her.

Papa had written—and he had seen Hilda after her delightful journey—that they were in the vicinities of the watering-place, and Hilda, herself, had written to her sister of a Christian maiden, as they did in times of old, that this shall be your guest, your [illegible] your companion, your friend, but no one was yet here.

Without further ceremony she dragged the portmanteau to the house—despite the remonstrance of the old lady, who the blue eyes seemed to cast down on her from the narrow, and [illegible] with unmerciful hand, in an old chest: a sanctuary for forgotten relics.

Hilda's letter were capsule, deep until the day of judgment, or at least until you are in the presence of your first love. It shall happen that I will be the sister of a Christian maiden, as they did in times of old, that this shall be your guest, your [illegible] your companion, your friend, but no one was yet here.

"Dear aunt," said Bertha, somewhat confused, "I will certainly eat some cream, as I said; but Victor has so much manner in his head, that——"

"Victor does not drink your breakfast alone, my children," interrupted Mrs. Wallenberg, coming back her chair. Hilda imitated her aunt, and Bertha, in her confusion, followed their example.

"I have finished," said Hilda.

"And I, too, dear aunt," said the Rector, who was anxious to prepare for his visit to Malmoe.

"And we, what shall we do?" inquired Bertha, with a gentle accent.

"We cannot leave the table while we are hungry," replied Victor.

"Well, then, let us continue, not with our breakfast, but with the cream."

Mrs. Wallenberg left the room to proceed with her domestic duties.

Hilda was sitting on a wooden bench in the hall, looking through the door into the yard.

At this moment Edwin, with a whip in his hand, and a cigar in his mouth, entered the hall door.

It was vexed that politeness would not permit him to start without speaking a few words with his cousin.

"Do you intend to take a walk, Hilda?" he inquired.

"No, it is pleasant here in the shade—but do not allow me to prevent you from going out, if that is your intention."

"My business is not pressing."

He seated himself at her side.

A moment of silence ensued. At length he said:

"How different everything is, after a separation of ten years!"

"Most certainly; one could almost say the ardent glance, which the young man bestowed upon his cousin, called a soft blush to her cheek.

"True—we hardly know each other, and that is not strange, for we scarcely know ourselves, after the lapse of such a long time."

"Those you are partially wrong. As I am ten years older—only four time is developed and has improved in beauty—so I see you now. But the gay and happy girl, who consoled all her little troubles in her playfellow, has become a dignified woman, who considers [illegible] consideration sensible of her authority."

At these remarks the blush on Hilda's cheeks heightened.

"I suppose, cousin," replied she, "that you refer to the affection which——"

"Ah, no—do not force yourself to reply. I am already sufficiently pained at the thought that you esteem my memory so little, and that I am [illegible] so easily."

"Edwin, I understand you better. We esteemed each other so much in our happy days of childhood, that we would always say to one another, 'now I shall not be obliged to write, we have continued to see also.'"

At last you have looked so much like a sea," said Edwin, rashly.

"I was not aware that my countenance was so eastern. But, seriously, Edwin, you are done to me, my present countenance is in better accordance with my present position. I am not ten years age. In all probability we shall never confide our troubles to each other again."

There was something in this answer which gave Victor more pain than the sharpest reply from the widow had ever crossed. He could not accuse himself of intrusive impertinence—he had spoken with his age when his heart felt, he had frankly expressed his sympathy for the sorrow of the friend of his youth—and her reply had been much colder than his sympathy deserved.

And she did not speak even a quarter of a week to mitigate the impression.

"I will relieve you of my company," said he. "Farewell, my good Hilda: I have some business to attend to."

"Farewell, cousin Edwin."

Not a sentence more was spoken.

The conversation at the breakfast table, where Bertha and Victor still remained discussing the cream, afforded a lively contrast to the [illegible].

"Cousin," said Victor, "we have carried the [illegible] thorough. If you will have the kindness to tell me what I said yesterday, we will then return to my remark on Hilda and Edwin."

"Ah, see I remember—you said to me, with that air of self-love, which becomes you so well: Bertha, can you believe me when I say that I am such a good swimmer, that there is not a man within twenty miles who can compete with me,' whereupon I declared that it was quite unproper for you to entile in so new a subject which I could never have an opportunity to refute or acknowledge."

"I swear you, my gentle cousin, if you think that relationship, and a life in the country do not permit a certain degree of familiarity, I shall be inconsolable."

"How pleasant it is. You would consider a cousin—twenty years of age, in the same light that you would a cousin eleven years old. I will remember that Victor Ehrenberg, a mischievous school-boy, used to pinch my arm whenever I refused to do as he desired!"

"What an unpardonable memory!"

"By no means—he was an ill-natured little fellow, with whom I was not [illegible] with this same school-boy became enraged at my beautiful doll, and threw it into a pond!"

"Yes, I remember—I will remember every word you said yesterday, day before yesterday, and even the day before."

"I must declare," returned Bertha, "that I have never before received such a compliment. If you will inform me what I said at those different times, I will endeavor to recollect what you said yesterday."

"Proceed."

"Well, what did I say the day before the day before yesterday?"

"Victor," said you, 'do you think that a white bonnet trimmed with roses, becomes my complexion?' and I answered——"

"Your answer is of no account!" interrupted Bertha, with a sigh.

"Day before yesterday you said: 'Victor, do you think that a violet colored velvet gown with light blue lining, would become me better than my present dress?' and I an——"

"Well, and yesterday?"

"Ah, yesterday, you rushed to me, and called me your good Victor, and said, 'When I have completed my toilet you will be so satisfied with it, that you will fall in love with me, and everybody who meets me will be struck with wonder and admiration.'"

"Right, right—now it is my time; let me see—yesterday you spoke more flatteries to me than the day before, but much I certainly remember."

"Oh, fy!"

"Oh, fy! Is not a fortune of thirty thousand dollars enticing?"

"Certainly, but——"

"Oh, spare your buts! As soon as I have received my property, I shall establish myself in the country, and I shall be married to a man who is not only determined—Plague upon it, why is the sea so distant! Is not a respectable widow?"

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;
OR,
THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. HENRY B. HUNTINGTON,
AUTHOR OF "THE LOST HEIRESS," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SWEETHEARTS," "THE FATHER OF CLIFFORD," "THE DESTROYED WIFE," ETC. ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FIGHT AND STORM.

The night is filled with a double dark.
The rain and wind increase every hour,
The good to sail by for her, and hark
To the storm-cry outside.—Sailor Song.

Marian bestirred about the cottage, laying the cloth, and helping to get the supper.

Edith sat on a low stool before the fire, and pat her head to rest, and leave all that to Jenny," said Edith.

"Oh! but Jenny is shy, and she evening I see in a hurry, having a walk to take after dinner. Mother Marian, smiling, as she set the waiter on the table.

"A walk! mercy, Marian, and the sun set!"

"Yes, dear, I have had a message which I must not neglect."

"A message! Now I wonder what it is. From somebody or other who wants you to set up with a patient, or to make up some old medicine, which will be more efficacious, of course, if you give it? Not to put on some old lady's blister or plaster, which won't draw unless you fix it."

"Edith and Marian, smiling, "my errand this evening is a much more cheerful one, and one that will still with astonishment.

Of whom, and of what were the business speaking? What village was so fast now? Could it be Jenny, and if you had another lover? It certainly led to the spot for the very purpose. Somebody, then, had been wooing her, and finally wished to send her off to Scotland with a husband? Some clever young fellow, who knew how to fall before. What could have caused the failure now? Had he kept his tryste that would soon have been safely housed at Old Field Cottage. Perhaps Thurston secured the clouds, and taken by ground that she would not come, and he had therefore stayed away. Yet no—she could not, for an instant, entertain the thought. Well she knew that had a storm risen, and raged all never a storm did before, Thurston, she knew, the best possibility of her presence there, would keep his appointment. Not something beyond his control had detained him. And, unless he should have very soon appear, something very serious had happened to him. The storm was increasing in violence; her shawl was already wet; and she resolved to hurry home.

She had just turned to go, when the sound of a man's hurry measured footsteps, approaching from the opposite direction, fell upon her ear. She looked up half in dread, and stedded her eyes out into the blackness of the night. It was no dark to see anything but the dimmest of a man's figure wrapped in a large cloak, coming slowly on towards her. She saw that the stranger, as he thought it might be the person, the business expected; she was about to glide away, when the same deep voice she recognized the well-known figure, sir and gallant, and he desired of that same [illegible] summoned to meet him, exclaiming in a low, eager tone,

"Ethereal dear Thurston——"

The man paused, folded his cloak about him, drew up and stood perfectly still.

Why did he not answer—and why did he not speak to her? why did he stand so motionless, and look so coldly upon her? Could that be upon the expression of his countenance, even if a dear of his cloak had not been folded across his face? Could that be the voice of Thurston at all?

"Thurston, dear Thurston," she exclaimed once more, under her breath, as she pressed towards him.

But he suddenly stretched out his hand to repulse her—gasping, as it were, breathlessly; and then [illegible] and [illegible] with their fierce flame shook with an inward storm. What could be the reason of his strange behaviour? What could have occasioned the change in him that was evident. Would it were only of a passion that her own good sense might be able to cure. And it might be so. It was very likely to be so. Thurston had been much disturbed him! Then indeed the cure of his calamity lay in her power. And this was the moment to exert it, and to show him how much she loved him. Full of this thought, she was again preparing to speak, when a thunder burst of wind and wind whistled before her and drove into her face, concealing him from her view. When the wind was gone, and recollecting herself, she said that he remained in the same spot, his breast heaving, his whole form shaking. She could hear it no longer. She started forward, and put her arms around his neck, and dropped her head upon his breast, and [illegible] in an impassioned tone.

"Dearest Thurston, what is the matter? Tell me, for I have you more than life."

The man clasped his left arm fiercely around her waist—lifted his right hand, and struck sharply through his clenched teeth—

"You have been false to your own dear——sister, wretched girl: die, traitress, in the act of your treachery;" plunged a dagger in her bosom, and fled from the spot.

One sudden, piercing shriek, and she dropped at his feet, gasping and struggling, and writhing in agony. Her soul seemed struggling to recover the shock, and recollect its scattered powers, and then it would fly from supporting her head upon her hand, and with her other hand drive the dark cloud from her bosom, and hold it down. The blood-fed, and with the life-stream that was flowing away. She spoke in dying gasps, and more than mortal anguish sounded in every tone. "Oh, lost—lost, and, now, my dreary dream yes to this set! Alas! they will call me mad unhappy! I have not that claim—a proof of my sanity, and what I have the strength to breathe in confession and vehemence of life. And Miriam Marian should have every advantage of relegation that wealth could procure, and that either in this country or in Europe. If Edith would spare Miriam, the little girl should go with her to England. And Thurston! Ah, dear Thurston! A heavy drop of rain struck Miriam on the face, and, for a moment, called her from her blissful reverie. She looked up. Why did not Thurston come? The storm would soon burst forth upon the earth—where was Thurston? Were he by her side, there would be nothing formidable in the storm, and he would shelter her with his cloak and umbrella, as they should send along over the field to the cottage, and watch the fireside, before the rain could overtake them. Where was he? Why did not Thurston come? Miriam had not yet passed through the darkness up and down the beach. To her accustomed eye, the features of the landscape were dimly visible. The black form looming like a shadowy giant before her, was the headland of Pine Point, and the lone washed by the sullen waves. It was the only object that broke the dark, dull monotony of the shore. It almost an attraction either. If look, the wall of the wind, were blended in confusion with the sea, and the only sound that broke the dreary silence of the hour.

Hark! No, there was another sound! Amid the howling and the wailing of the wind and waves, and the groaning of the coming storm, Miriam heard the regular fall of oars, and the dash by the slow, grating sound of a boat pushed up upon the frozen strand. Marian pulsed and her eyes drew to the darkness in the direction of the sound, but could see nothing but the dim, misty, shadowy outline of the boat filled. She turned and was meeting away from the doubtful proximity, when the sound of voices smote her ear.

"Is the de—? name how long are we to lay here like a stuff in quarantine? Ahoy, there!"

"We're to wait for the young gentleman's signal."

"I don't take kindly to this job, dad, suppose the gal gives us a great deal of trouble?"

"No danger, he's [illegible] and he'll put on step ours—blast you."

No more was said at the time, and for several moments after the voices had ceased, Marian remained rooted to the ground, her heart beating, and still with astonishment and fear. Of whom, and of what were the business speaking? What village was so fast now? Could it be Jenny, and if you had another lover? It certainly led to the spot for the very purpose. Somebody, then, had been wooing her, and finally wished to send her off to Scotland with a husband? Some clever young fellow, who knew how to fall before. What could have caused the failure now? Had he kept his tryste that would soon have been safely housed at Old Field Cottage. Perhaps Thurston secured the clouds, and taken by ground that she would not come, and he had therefore stayed away. Yet no—she could not, for an instant, entertain the thought. Well she knew that had a storm risen, and raged all never a storm did before, Thurston, she knew, the best possibility of her presence there, would keep his appointment. Not something beyond his control had detained him. And, unless he should have very soon appear, something very serious had happened to him. The storm was increasing in violence; her shawl was already wet; and she resolved to hurry home.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY [illegible], 185[illegible]

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	20,00	"

Persons residing in British North America must remit twenty-five cents in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

POST-MASTERS or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

The papers to Clubs are invariably stopped at the expiration of the period for which they have subscribed.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust that such of our old friends the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c. We receive a great many of these articles, especially the enigmas, and cannot pretend to answer inquiries in relation to their fate. Many of them have no answers attached, and are of course at once laid aside. Others have mistakes in the spelling, and justly experience the same fate. And of the remainder, we select those we think the best suited for publication. Good charades, arithmetical questions, and conundrums, have a much better chance of appearing than even good enigmas.

W. J. M. The contributions alluded to were examined and declined.

We beg respectfully to decline the article entitled "Our Baby."

THE COMING YEAR.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that we design making our coming volume one of the most attractive that ever issued from the press. In our THIRTY-FOURTH year, and with between 80,000 and 90,000 subscribers, we feel determined not to be excelled by any contemporary.

The cost of the Novelets, &c., already engaged—the cost not of their copy-rights, but *merely of the privilege of first publication*—amounts to the sum of over

THIRTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.

We have engaged the very first talent that could be secured—witness the names of MRS. SOUTHWORTH, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. DENISON, MARY IRVING, ELIZA L. SPROAT, FANNY FERN, and a NEW CONTRIBUTOR, (whose name by request is withheld.) *Mrs. Southworth will write for no other paper.* And Grace Greenwood for no other, with the exception of her own admirably conducted "Little Pilgrim."

We commenced, in the first number of the year, a Novelet from the entertaining pen of the talented Swedish writer, Mrs. Carlen, entitled

SIX WEEKS OF COURTSHIP.

This we expect to follow with a short Novelet, entitled,

THE MINISTER'S CHOICE,

By GRACE GREENWOOD.

Next we design giving an original Novelet, intended to illustrate incidentally the great Evils of Intemperance, entitled,

THE FALLS OF THE WYALUSING,

By a NEW AND DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTOR.

In addition to the above Novelet by Grace Greenwood, we are also promised two other short Novelets,

THE ONEIDA SISTERS,

AND

THE NABOB'S WILL.

We also have made arrangements for the following additional contributions:—

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES,

By FANNY FERN.

MARK, THE SEXTON,

A Novelet by MRS. DENISON, Author of "The Step-Mother," "Home Pictures," &c.

NANCY SELWYN;

OR,

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

A Novelet, by MARY IRVING.

And last, but by no means least, from the fascinating and powerful pen of the Post's exclusive contributor,

VIVIA:

A STORY OF LIFE'S MYSTERY.

By MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "Miriam," "The Lost Heiress," &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of ENGRAVINGS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES and LETTERS, PICTURES OF LIFE in our own and foreign lands, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, VIEW OF THE PRODUCE and STOCK MARKETS, BANK NOTE LIST, EDITORIALS, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, as far as our limits will admit, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

RESIGNED AT LAST.

Mr. Soulé at last is coming home from Spain—absolutely chilled, it is said, by the most freezing politeness into a resignation of his mission. In his place, Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, has been appointed. This is the gentleman who became somewhat conspicuous in an affair with Mr. Cutting, of New York. Our readers will remember the duel that never came off—Mr. Breckenridge insisting upon fighting with rifles, and Mr. Cutting with pistols.

That Mr. Breckenridge's appointment is a good one, we question—judging by the insight into his character afforded by his Congressional career. He is doubtless eloquent enough—but then the Dons cannot understand English, nor probably he Spanish—and so all his eloquence will be lost upon the desert air. But still—putting Cuba aside—there is very little to do; and Cuba seems now to hang more firmly on the Spanish bough than ever. So perhaps the appointment is not a bad one after all. And if Mr. Breckenridge will keep mum upon Cuba, doubtless he will find his foreign trip a very agreeable one—and be treated to the warm shoulder instead of the cold one, by all the aristocracy of Madrid.

QUITE A STORM.—On Sunday night last, the wind blew quite a hurricane for these parts—unroofing several houses and the Market street bridge, sinking small vessels, &c., &c. The damage along the coast must have been considerable.

Clippings.

BANKING.

A CURIOUS IMPOSTURE.

GOV. POLLOCK'S INAUGURAL.

THE PACIFIC ROAD.

PUBLIC LECTURES.

LOSSES BY FIRE.

A SINGULAR DEFENCE.

New Publications.

General News.

PAPER FROM WOOD.

ARRIVAL OF THE CANADA.

NEWS ITEMS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1855.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 15th, the joint resolution relative to the Arctic Expedition, was taken up and passed.

The annual Steam Mail Appropriation Bill was, after some discussion, indefinitely postponed.

After a short debate on the Judicial Reform Bill, the Senate adjourned.

On the 16th, the consideration of the Compensation Bill was resumed.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, modified his amendment, so as to provide for the payment of $3,000 per annum to Senators and Representatives, in lieu of per diem and mileage.

Mr. Gyer proposed to give $7,000 per annum to the Chief Justice, and $7,000 to the Associate Justices. The salaries of the District Judges range from $1,500 to $3,000.

Mr. Badger thought that too small a rate of compensation would exclude men of small means, and the legislation of the country be thrown into the hands of rich or speculative adventurers.

The Senate then went into Executive Session, and confirmed the appointment of Hon. J. C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, as Minister to Spain, and then adjourned.

On the 17th, Mr. Fessenden presented the memorial of a large number of citizens of Maine, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The Compensation Bill was again taken up, when, after some debate, Mr. Chase submitted a substitute for the original bill. It retains, in a modified form, the principle of the original bill, relieves the Supreme Judges from circuit duty, avoids the objections urged against intermediate Courts of Appeal, abolishes Circuit Courts, imposing their duties upon the District Courts, and provides that two terms of the Supreme Court shall be held every year.

It is made the duty of the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Postmaster General to cause advertisements to be published in two newspapers of each State and the District of Columbia, inviting sealed proposals for the construction of the road and telegraph lines on the terms stated.

[The Reporter observes that the sections of the bill other than the first do not accord with the bill in its amended form. The prevalence of the previous question, and unanimous consent being withheld, prevented the necessary modifications.]

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

EDUCATION IN ILLINOIS.—The report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in Illinois says, that twenty-one counties in that State have sent in no returns of the condition of their schools. From seventy-nine counties, returns have been received, which show that they contain 4,215 schools, of which 2,492 were taught by males, and 1,557 by females, while in 116 schools both males and females were employed at the same time, and in 1,649 schools, males and females were employed at different periods.

COSTLY KINDLING STUFF.—A few days since Mr. Wm. Head, in Springfield, Washington Co., Ky., burnt up his pocket-book, by accident, containing $225, besides several valuable papers. He stooped down to pick up some shavings to make a fire in the stove, when his pocket-book fell unnoticed among the shavings, and with them was stuffed into the stove.

THE PRESS IN CHINA.—At Pekin, when an editor inserts any false intelligence, the possibility of its repetition is removed by the *removal of his head!* What a sad thing it would be for some of our contemporaries if such were the case here?

Pierre Soule has resigned his office as Minister to Spain, and John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, has been appointed his successor, and confirmed by the Senate.

Barnum's humbug book, we learn, has only reached thirty thousand, one hundred and fifty; and many of these are still on the shelf.

FOSSILE REMAINS IN VIRGINIA.—The Ravenswood Chronicle, of Jackson county, Va., says:—"A grinder of enormous dimensions, ...

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A shocking accident occurred at Jersey City, N. J., on Saturday morning week. Just as the train was starting from the depot of the New York and Erie Railroad, a woman put her head out of the window of a car to speak to one of the employers. A post, standing not more than three inches from the side of the car, caught her head, and crushed it frightfully. The unfortunate woman was instantly killed.

HARD LUCK.—The Madison (Wisconsin) Argus says—General Dodge, Senator from this State, lost $10,000 by the failure of Selden & Withers. It was all the savings of his Senatorial career, and formed a large portion of his fortune.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—The Rector of Christ Church, South Brooklyn, states that he has been entrusted by one gentleman with the distribution of twenty-five slaughtered hogs, twenty-five carcases of sheep, fifty half-tons coal, fifty sacks of salt. Another has placed at his disposal for the same purpose, twenty half-barrels of flour. Verily, an example worthy of all commendation.

A MISER.—There is a leather visage piece of humanity residing in one of the western cities, so miserly, that he drinks alum water, in order to reduce the capacity of his stomach, for stowing away taters and groceries.

FOWL TRAFFIC.—A Pittsburg (Pa.) paper tells us that seventy coops of poultry were brought up by the Buckeye State, on Saturday, from Cincinnati, (Ohio.) They are to be sent to Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

REFUSAL TO DISBAND.—Col. Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell, it is said, intends to disobey the order of the Governor of Massachusetts, for disbanding the Irish companies, so called, in his regiment—expecting a court martial, and then, somehow, to bring the question ...

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE KNOW SOMETHINGS.—A new order with this name has arisen, it seems, in opposition somewhat to the Know Nothings. It has originated in the sweeping proscription of foreigners and Roman Catholics by the Know Nothings, without regard to whether they are liberal Catholics, or even Protestants. It also grows out of the slavery question—it being urged against the Know Nothings that they will not pledge themselves to Northern principles upon this question, so far as the repeal of the Nebraska Bill, &c., is concerned. The following is given as the platform of the new order:

1. Opposition to all forms of tyranny over the mind or body of man.—*Jefferson.*
2. Neither nature nor the Constitution of our country recognize the right of man to property in man.
3. Principles and character, and not birth-place, are the true standards of qualification for citizenship.
4. No more slave States should be admitted into the Union, and there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, in any territory of the United States.—*Jefferson.*
5. The Papal power being a political despotism under the garb of religion, its supporters should not be permitted to hold office in a free country.
6. The people being the legitimate source of political power, all offices national as well as State, so far as practicable, should be filled by a direct vote of the electors.

A State Council is said to be already organized in Ohio, and that it is increasing very rapidly in that State. The members are not required to keep their own membership of the order or its platform secret. Though they are not to divulge the membership of others contrary to their wishes.

THE SALE OF CUBA.

On the 19th of December, the rumored negotiations pending with the United States for the purchase of Cuba, were made the subject of special interpellations in the Spanish Constitu- ...

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 25, 1855.

REMARKS.—There are but few changes to notice in the market since our last report. Business generally has been dull. A few Western and Southern merchants have arrived, and commenced looking through the dry goods market, preparatory to making their Spring purchases, but their operations thus far have been on a very restricted scale. ...

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been dull and inactive during the past week, and with moderate supplies and a limited demand, both for export and home consumption, prices have again declined ...

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER.

Marriages.

Deaths.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DREXEL & CO., BROKERS, No. 22 S. Third St.

PHILADELPHIA, January 27, 1855.

PENNSYLVANIA		SOUTH CAROLINA	
Solvent banks	par to ¼ dis	Solvent banks	1 dis
Relief notes	par to ¼ dis	GEORGIA	
NEW JERSEY		Solvent banks	1½ dis
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis	Bk St Mary's	75 dis
DELAWARE		Merchants, Macon,	failed
Solvent banks	par	Atlanta,	10 dis
Under 5's	½ dis	ALABAMA	
Bk Milford	failed	Solvent banks	2 dis
MARYLAND		MISSISSIPPI	
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis	All banks	uncertain
Salisbury		LOUISIANA	
Havre de Grace	failed	Solvent banks	2 dis
Far & Millers		OHIO	
Far & Mec Bk, Kent Co.,	50 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
DIS. OF COLUMBIA		Com. Bk., Toledo,	5 dis
Exchange Bank	failed	Ohio Savings bk	failed
Solvent banks	½ dis	Bk of Wooster	50 dis
NEW YORK		Bk of Norwalk	60 dis
Solvent banks	par to ½ dis	Bk Massillon	failed
9th Avenue bk	10 dis	bk of Circleville	failed
Knickerbocker bk	10 dis	Canal Bk, Cleveland	5 dis
Lewis co bk	no sale	City Bk of Columbus	5 dis
James bk	25 dis	Mec & Tra Bk Cin	5 dis
New Rochelle	25 dis	Sandusky City Bk	5 dis
Far Bk, Onondaga	25 dis	KENTUCKY	
Mer & Man Bank, Oswego	35 dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Drovers Bk, Ogdensburg	10 dis	Commercial Bank	2 dis
Ex'ge Bk, Buffalo	30 dis	Newport Safety Fund	failed
Empire City bk	15 dis	Kentucky Trust Co	do
Central bk	10 dis	INDIANA	
MAINE		State bk	2 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	Small notes	3 dis
Mousum river bk	50 dis	Free bks	10 to 25 dis
Ellsworth bk	50 dis	Wabash	no sale
Ship-builders' bk	75 dis	Bk Connersville	60 dis
bk of Hallowell	5 dis	ILLINOIS	
NEW HAMPSHIRE		Solvent Free Banks	10 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	Farmers, Chicago	25 dis
VERMONT		Far Bk, Chicago	25 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	Union Bk Chicago	25 dis
Stark Bk Bennington	60 dis	City Bank do	75 dis
CONNECTICUT		Bank of Napierville	75 dis
Solvent banks	½ dis	MISSOURI	
Woodbury Bank	½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
MASSACHUSETTS		TENNESSEE	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	2 dis
Grahamite Bank	90 dis	Farmers' and Mechanics', Memphis	failed
RHODE ISLAND		MICHIGAN	
Solvent banks	½ dis	Solvent banks	10 dis
CANADA		Erie and Kalamazoo bank	25 dis
Solvent banks	1½ dis	Gov'ment Stock bk	no sale
Far Joint Stock Bk	failed	ARKANSAS	
VIRGINIA		All bks	no sale
Solvent banks	1½ dis	WISCONSIN	
NORTH CAROLINA		Solvent banks	10 dis
Solvent banks	1½ dis	TEXAS	
		Commercial and Agricultural bk, Galveston	10 any rate

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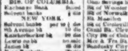

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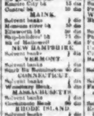

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Selected Poetry.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Once the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave commanders,
I forget in what campaign,
Long besieged in mud and rain
Some old frontier town of Flanders.

Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the weather.

Thus, as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.

Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane or tail, or dragoons' crest,
Found on hedgerows east or west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his grey mustachio,
"Sure, this swallow over-head
Thinks our Emperor's tent a shed,
And our Emperor but a macho."*

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest:
"Golondrina† is my guest—
'Tis the wife of some deserter."

Swift as bow-string speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the rumor;
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer, at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humor.

So, unharmed and unafraid,
There the swallow sat and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents, as if disbanding;
Only not the Emperor's tent—
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly: "Leave it standing!"

And it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
That the cannon-shot had shattered.

* Macho—the Spanish for mule.
† Golondrina, in Spanish, means swallow and deserter.
—From the "Knickerbocker Gallery."

Selected Articles.

HOW TO MAKE HOME INTOLERABLE.

There are various methods of making home intolerable, which are usually found out without a recipe. But if any one wishes to know the secret, we venture to give a few hints, which may be useful—not by way of helping our readers to reduce them to practice, but rather with a view to their avoidance.

A common proverb makes a smoky chimney and a scolding wife the worst of domestic plagues. But there are worse than these. A smoky chimney shows there is a fireside, at all events, and if the chimney smokes, it is the builder's and not the housewife's fault; and as for a scolding wife, why she may possibly teach her husband philosophy, as Xantippe did Socrates.

A dirty wife is far worse. A wife may scold, and yet be cleanly and thrifty. But a scolding slattern is a terrible nuisance at home, and very soon will succeed in making home thoroughly intolerable for even the most pacific and contented dispositions.

If with dirt there be waste, the acme of discomfort will be reached. Money spent recklessly, and without any useful product of comfort—what is the end of this but poverty and vice?

And drink, the great cause of waste in poor men's houses—expenditure on that which not only wastes a man's substance, but ruins his moral and physical capacities, and we have reached a point of discomfort beyond which we cannot go. Drink is the demon and the curse of tens of thousands of homes, which but for it might be happy.

But there are many minor sources of discomfort, which worry and fret impatient minds, and render homes thoroughly uncomfortable.

Ill-trained children, unaccustomed because untaught by early discipline to curb their little tempers, are a source of discomfort in many homes. The neglect, perhaps the ignorance, of mothers, themselves ill-disciplined in youth, is mainly to be blamed for this.

Ill-cooked meals—here is another source of discomfort—perhaps a small one. But one not so small neither. Bad cooking is waste; waste of money and loss of comfort. Whom God has joined in matrimony, ill-cooked joints of meat and ill-boiled potatoes have very often put asunder. There is, indeed, a sound economy which may be exercised by women in the culinary department, very much to the saving of their husbands' purses as well as tempers. Among the "common things" which educators would teach the working people, certainly this ought not to be overlooked. It is the commonest and yet most neglected of the branches of female education. Perhaps it is even thought beneath the dignity of being called a "branch" of education at all. But cooking, which really is the art, when properly cultivated, of making a little go a great way, is infinitely more valuable and important to the comfort of homes than tambour-work, crotchet, netting, or backstitch—not to speak of music and drawing. The art of cooking eclipses them all in point of value.

An unwholesome house is always uncomfortable. The atmosphere is depressing to the spirits, and it debilitates the frame. Its influences may not be felt or perceptible—excepting by one sense—that of smell—and yet it is most powerful. Even the temper becomes peevish and irritable; and the depression leads to a craving for stimulants, which in its turn leads to an aggravation of the evil. Children become querulous, sickly, and complaining; how can they be cheerful, breathing poisoned air, as they often do? The children cry, poor things, finding vent in tears and sobs; they are beaten, when they should be sent out in the open air, or, later in the evening, put to bed. And thus home is made very uncomfortable.

Nor is it necessary either that people should live in unwholesome dwellings. Many, no doubt, are, by the necessities of their state, forced to live in the poorer districts of large towns; but even then they need not select unhealthy houses to live in. A shilling a week saved from the gin-shop, would enable even them to live in comfort, where now they are plunged in the reverse. But many of them are too unthinking—too thoughtless of anything but the mere indulgence of sense—to deny themselves a glass for the sake of the comfort of their homes, and the health of their children.

These unfortunate children—how our heart pities them! Brought into the world helpless, they are left amidst the gloomy associations of depravity, dirt, and disease; and they hang about the sordid dwelling an infant brood, imparting no joy to the home—only so many gaping mouths to be fed—increasing its squalor and discomfort. Often they are cuffed and scolded for no fault of their own; the ill-temper engendered by dirt and drink is visited severely upon them. Tolerable tempers are made bad, and bad tempers are rendered cruel—and thus they grow up to mature years with the stamp of savage life upon them, without any idea of the comforts of home; familiar with the spectacle of habitual brutality and daily recurring vice.

In better circles, homes may be made intolerable in other ways. Peevish and querulous tempers spoil the repose of many households. "Better is a dinner of herbs where peace is, than a stalled ox with contention." There are people who are always making a fuss, and will not let you be quiet: these have the knack of making even dining and drawing-rooms intolerable. They are as unwholesome as even a roomful of bad air could be. Moping and whining—discovering all manner of frets, and aches, and imaginary woes—grumbling at the maids—finding cause of alarm in everything—such people rarely fail in making homes intolerable, and driving forth those who had hoped for, and who were entitled to find, peace and repose therein.

TO MAKE BLACKBOARDS.—An appliance for blackboards can be made by boiling 1 lb. logwood in water enough to cover it, and adding half-an-ounce of green vitriol. This is superior to paint, as it stains the wood, and will not wear off, dries in a few minutes, and bears no gloss.

☞ What is the distance of an object when it is the farthest from your thoughts?

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE SINFULNESS OF LAUGHTER.

[The following is one of the best hits at that kind of religion which condemns as sins the innocent amusements of life, that we have seen lately:]

As this form of sin is manifested to a most alarming degree, at the present time, I would fain sound a note of alarm, however feeble, in order that I may aid, in some measure, to beat back the flood of levity which at present menaces the beautiful fabric of austere piety, which has been reared in past ages with so many sacrifices. In the days of our Pilgrim ancestors, how did a serious deportment sweetly serve as the very corner-stone of piety! and what celestial wisdom appears in that clause of the "School of Good Manners," which specifies that "no child shall run to or from church on the Sabbath, but shall walk reverently." By this, and kindred regulations, the work was commenced at the beginning, and a deportment of habitual solemnity was formed. Oh, that those children who are among us at the present day, and who have passed the period of infancy, could be subjected to so wholesome a training! As for infants themselves, whose faces, while they are in health, are seldom free from smiles for any considerable period, I must confess my inability to suggest any practicable mode of removing these tokens of their native depravity, and must therefore leave them sorrowfully, with the remark that their early displays of mirth strongly demonstrate the truth of the assertion by Dr. Watts, that

The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

I propose now to make a few comments upon the depravity of children, as shown in their merriment. In order duly to appreciate this form of childish turpitude, we should have recourse not to the childish transgressors themselves, but to those people of maturer years, who, being happily delivered from all inclination to levity, do look back on the merriment of their childhood with a holy remorse, and a firm resolution to sin no more in that respect. I will here annex a passage in the biography of a precious saint, whose serene spirit has now doubtless gone to another world. The following is an entry in his diary:

"Oh, how I mourn the grievous levity of my childhood! My many boyish iniquities rise before my memory like ghosts, and will forbid me to realize full peace of mind during my earthly pilgrimage. Should I, however, confess one of my many transgressions in this respect, I trust that those who may be made acquainted with my sin, will be so affected with grief that they will forever shun the pit into which I have fallen.

"On one occasion, my mother received a call from an austere lady whom I cordially hated, both for her holy gravity of demeanor, and because she was always improving her visits by asking me to repeat hymns to her, or asking me the questions of the Westminster Catechism. Like a depraved wretch as I was, I hated the Catechism, and still more the old woman who forced its sweet and precious doctrines into my unwilling mind. I had an elder sister who also detested this precious visitor, and for what reason think you, reader? merely because her breath was offensive! Oh how intense is natural depravity! One day when Mrs. Pucker was conversing with my mother, my sister asked me if I would help her play a trick upon our obtrusive guest. I of course cordially assented. My sister then took a large square piece of white paper, and having inscribed it in large letters, she pasted the corners, and directed me to stick the placard on the back of Mrs. Pucker. I accordingly watched my opportunity, and soon after she left the house I glided softly behind her, and, by the aid of the Prince of Darkness, fixed the pasted corners of the paper to her dress. The inscription was as follows: '*A Rancid Believer!*' For a long distance did this dear persecuted saint carry this shameful badge, to the malignant delight of a host of the enemies of all goodness, and the lovers of gossip, also. At length, however, the vile appendage was observed by a deacon of our parish, and promptly removed. I escaped detection, but I shall not soon be released from the sting of remorse."

Thus, reader, you see that the end of laughter is anguish and remorse. Oh, then, be entreated to shun most carefully every occasion of levity. The literary world is filled with incitements to laughter. Avoid them, I entreat you, and resolve that you will laugh no more.

STRAIGHT LACE.

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE TENDENCY OF KNOWLEDGE.—Dr. Channing thus answers a popular objection to the universal diffusion of knowledge, in his eloquent plea for the elevation of the working classes:—

"I am not discouraged by the objection, that the laborer, if encouraged to give time and strength to the elevation of his mind, will starve himself and impoverish the country, when I consider the energy and efficiency of mind. The highest force in the universe is mind. This has changed the wilderness into fruitfulness, and linked distant countries in a beneficent ministry to one another's wants. It is not to brute force, to physical strength, so much as to art, to skill, to intellectual and moral energy, that men owe their mastery over the world. It is mind which has conquered matter. To fear then that, by calling forth a people's mind, we shall impoverish and starve them, is to be frightened at a shadow. I believe, that with the growth of intellectual and moral power to the community, its productive power will increase, that industry will become more efficient, that a wiser economy will accumulate wealth, that unimagined resources of art and nature will be discovered. I believe that the means of living will grow easier, in proportion as a people shall become enlightened, self-respecting, resolute, and just. Bodily or material forces can be measured, but not the forces of the soul, nor can the results of increased mental energy be foretold. Such a community will tread down obstacles, now deemed invincible, and turn them into helps. The inward moulds the outward. The power of a people lies in its mind; and this mind if fortified and enlarged, will bring external things into harmony with itself. If, however, I err in this belief, if, by securing time and means for improvement of the multitude, industry and capital should become less productive, I will say, sacrifice the wealth, and not the mind of a people.

"Nor do I believe that the physical good of a community would in this way be impaired. The diminution of a country's wealth occasioned by general attention to intellectual and moral culture, would be followed by very many different efforts from those which would attend an equal diminution brought about by sloth, intemperance and ignorance. There would, indeed, be less production in such a country, but the character and spirit of the people would effect a much more equal distribution of what would be produced; and the happiness of a community depends vastly more on the distribution than on the amount of its wealth. In thus speaking of the future, I do not claim any special prophetical gift. As a general rule, no man is able to foretell, distinctly, the ultimate permanent results of any great social change. But as to the case before us we ought not to doubt. It is a part of our duty to believe, that by nothing can a country so effectually gain happiness and lasting prosperity, as by the elevation of all classes of its citizens. To question this seems an approach to crime.

——"If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble."

AMBROTYPE LIKENESSES.—A most valuable improvement in the art of producing likenesses has recently been introduced by Messrs. Cutting & Bowdoin, of Boston. The picture is taken upon plate-glass, after which a similar glass is placed over it, and the two are cemented together by an indestructible gum, rendering the picture entirely impervious to atmospheric influence, and securing to it the most perfect durability. The great superiority of this new process is manifest, inasmuch as by it the most perfect, minute, and life-like delineations are produced, either in miniature or of full size, and capable of retaining a perpetual brilliancy. The pictures are not reversed, as in the ordinary daguerreotyping process, and they are immediately perceptible in any light without the necessity of change of position. Mr. Cutting, the senior partner, is the inventor of this process, and patents have already been secured in the United States, Great Britain, and France. It may with perfect truth be urged that this is the most important discovery in the art of photography that has yet been made.—*Boston Atlas.*

BOYS AND BIRDS.—In travelling in New Hampshire from Franconia to the Connecticut river," said a gentleman, "I noted the bird-nests upon the trees that stood by the road side, and felt delighted with the evidence which they gave of the good qualities of the mothers and children who live there. I noticed the nest of a bird within three feet of the front door of a dwelling. How confident was that dear little bird—well did it know that the good mother of that household had trained up her children in the way they should go."

Our Picture Gallery.

INTERESTING GROUP POSED FOR A DAGUERREOTYPE.

INTERESTING AND VALUABLE RESULT.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

We find in the last number of "Life Illustrated," an article entitled "A Day with Washington Irving," from which we clip the following:

"People," said he, with one of his genial smiles, "have extraordinary ideas about authors. They think they make their books as the spider spins his web, and can turn them out of hand as fast as need be, covers and all. Nearly every mail brings me a letter from some literary association, full of compliments, egad, and asking me to give them a complete set of my *invaluable* works. I never answer such epistles now. I wonder they are not ashamed to beg in that way; but, the truth is, they do it in ignorance.

"The name of Sir Walter Scott was mentioned, and Mr. Irving spoke very warmly in his praise. He was a '*hearty* man,' a 'princely man,' a thoroughly 'good fellow,' as Moore calls him. Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' he thought, need not have contained quite so many horrors. Scott bore his reverses like a man, retained a degree of cheerfulness to the last, and never, until his health failed, was an object of pity, at least not to the degree that Lockhart thought. But Lockhart loved him, he added, and perhaps that may have misled him a little. Alluding to Tom Moore, Mr. Irving said that he took extraordinary pains with all he wrote. He used to compose his poetry walking up and down a gravel-walk in his garden, and when he had a line, a couplet, or a stanza polished to his mind, he would go to a little summer-house near by, and write it down. He used to think ten lines a good day's work, and would keep a little poem by him for weeks, waiting for a single word.

"We spoke of the exceeding beauty of the view from the window, which he permitted us to admire without cramming its charms down our throats, as the way is with some country gentlemen whose windows look out upon a fine prospect. By degrees the conversation turned upon England—English scenery, English cottages, and, finally, to our great delight, upon English literature, and the literary men with whom he had been familiar. He spoke lovingly of Rogers, the banker-poet. Alluding to the wealth of Rogers, and the general poverty of literary men, he said, 'If a merchant dunderhead makes a million, no one is surprised, but if an author gets his bread and cheese, they put a paragraph in the papers about it, so astonishing does it appear to people.' He spoke with great animation about international copyright, and said he wondered how any man could fail to see the justice of such a measure, and the good it would do to the literature of both countries."

REST A LITTLE.

I

My soul is weary with the crowds of sharpened faces,
Marked by CARE's keen and knotted inch in half a hundred places,
As jockeys march a wilful horse to keep him to his paces.

II

Whole continents of care are mapped out on men's visage,
And yet do true aims sanctify the anxiousness of this age?
That men of thirty, how came he with furrowed lines at his age?

III

Ceaselessly the life-march moveth, tramping, bustling at all hours;
No taking noon-time in the shade, no weaving rustic bowers,
Or learning of the butterfly what he learns from the flowers.

IV

In vain the babbling brook talks on, of music and of dancing,
Wavelet and ripplet o'er the pebbles singing, springing, prancing,
We have no time to look or hear, no minds for such entrancing.

V

Repose is reason half the time for even the eagle's pinion,
Though up toward heaven is his flight, the pure air his dominion;
Man may not rest, to low, mean wants a bond-slave and a minion.

VI

Oh! THOU whose loving-kindness wrought the beauties in the wild-wood;
The vine-hung rocks, the tinted flowers, the all that THOU hast styled good—
Pour out on wearisome, working man, one hour, one gush of childhood!

VII

With soft sunbeams wile off for once the helm his temples fretting,
Give to his dusty brain and heart a warm, soft April wetting;
And on his soul in love shed down a baptism of forgetting.

—*Knickerbocker.*

THE MONKEY'S REVENGE.

A writer in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal gives a curious anecdote of the power of revenge in the monkey tribes. Climbing one of the slanting ascents of the Rummundle cliff, he heard an unusual commotion, and creeping round a rock, saw a beautiful brown monkey, which was nearly crushed to death in the folds of an enormous boa constrictor. He thus continues:

"When the reptile had fairly commenced its repast, and the before flaccid body began to fill and swell, I retired from the arena of conflict and hall of banquet, desirous of summoning my friend Noor-ood-Deen to assist me in capturing the sated giant. I knew that when gorged to repletion, there would be no difficulty in making a prize of the serpent; and the moonshee entered into my plans right willingly. Accompanied by a stout lascar, bearing a strong cudgel and a sharp knife, for slaughter and skinning, we lost little time in reaching the scene, where, however, fresh marvels were being enacted, proving that the passion of revenge is not confined to the human breast.—Keeping aloof, we resolved not to mar, by any interference, the by no means mystifying operations in which the monkeys were engaged.

"The boa constrictor lay, thoroughly gorged, and like a log of wood, beneath the same projecting mass of cliff where I had left it. On the summit of this rock a troop of monkeys had assembled, and three or four of the largest and strongest were occupied in displacing an immense fragment of the massive stone, already loosened by time and the elements, from the rest of the ledge. This mass almost overshadowed the reptile. By enormous exertions, made in a silence that was rare with them, they at last succeeded in pushing it onwards until it hung over the boa's head, when, uttering a fierce yell, in which every separate voice mingled until it took a diapason of indescribable discord, by a vigorous movement they shoved it sheer down. The heavy mass fell right on the serpent's head, crushing it as if it were a cocoa-nut; and as the reptile lashed its fearful tail about in the final struggles of life, we could not refrain from joining in the singular chorus of rejoicing with which the monkeys now celebrated their accomplished vengeance. Truly, from the feats of the malicious baboon that gloried in the name of Major Weir, to the amiable creature of which Philip Quarles tells, I can remember of no recorded facts that surpass this evidence in favor of monkey-memory and monkey-wisdom; and I vouch for its truth as far as it goes, knowing well that my friend Noor-ood-Deen, still flourishing in the Black Town of Madras, will add his testimony to any applicant for confirmation of the anecdote."

☞ THE CLIMAX OF DESCRIPTION.—A writer in the Home Journal says of Mrs. Bodstein (late Julia Northall): "She is an angel in a church choir, especially if you can see her *hallelujah* expression of eyes while she sings."

SHADE TREES ON RAILROADS.—Mr. N. Jones, in a late number of the Scientific American, makes the following sensible remarks on this subject, and we commend them to the attention of Railroad Companies, generally, as worthy of serious consideration:

"It has often occurred to me that railroad companies would gain much by planting the waste land on each side of the track with trees. The locust, for instance, which will grow in any soil, requires no attention, and is of rapid growth. The advantages would be, first, a refreshing shade. Second, a protection from the dust by retaining the moisture. Third, strength to embankments, and fourth, sufficient timber, and superior to any other, for all the ties on the road; a tree will grow sufficiently large in ten or fifteen years."

☞ Villany that is vigilant, will be an overmatch for virtue, if she slumber at her post; and hence it is, that a bad cause has often triumphed over a good one.

Wit and Humor.

KEEP COOL.

Those calm and rational exhortations to "Take it coolly," and "Never cry for spilled milk," are all very good till they are needed. They are extremely salutary before the fever kindles or the milk is spilled; but in the presence of pain, or on the advent of a disaster, to all but those who are gifted with fortitude by nature, or have been disciplined in the school of affliction, they are about as effectual as whistling in the teeth of a nor'wester.

Their utter impotence in the storm of passion, reminds me of the directions given by a good New England Deacon to his choleric son.

"Whenever you feel your *dander* rising," said he, "be sure to say the Lord's Prayer, my son, or else the alphabet clean through; and long before you get to the eend on't, you'll be as cool as a cucumber, or an iceberg. Promise me faithfully, my son."

"Yes, daddy, I promise."

Off trudged Jonathan to school, carrying his bread and meat, with a small bottle of molasses in his jacket pocket, and his late firm promise uppermost in his mind.

A boy, who bore him an old grudge, met him, and after calling him the "young deacon," and many other scurrilous nicknames, caught him off his guard, and threw him to the ground, tearing his jacket, and breaking his molasses bottle.

Up jumped Jonathan, his eyes wolfish, and his lips white with rage. But "there was an oath in Heaven," and he did not forget it. So he proceeded to swallow his Alphabetical pills—an antidote to wrath not mentioned in the "Regimen Salernitanum," nor recognized by the British College.

"A, B, C,—you've tored my jacket—D, E, F,—you've spilt my 'lasses—G, H, I, J, K,—you're a 'tarnal rascal—L, M, N, O, P, Q,—I'll larn you better manners, you scamp you!—R, S, T, U, V,—I'll spile your picter, you old wall-eye!—W, X, Y, Z,—now I'll pound your insides out o' you, you darned encroachin' willain!"

And with that, Jonathan, whose passion had been mounting alphabetically throughout all his father's prescription of vowels and consonants, caught the young scapegrace, and throwing him down, was proceeding to work off each of the Deacon's twenty-six anti-irascible pills in the shape of a dozen hearty fisticuffs, had not the timely approach of a passenger interrupted the manipulations. So much for rules to control the passions.—*Knickerbocker.*

TO LADIES AWKWARDLY SITUATED.—The editor of the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, warrants the efficacy of either of the following methods of replying to gentlemen when they pop the question: 1. Especially recommended to blondes. Pause, sigh very soft, then open your eyes with a good deal of wonder (of course you have been trying to make it out, and can't,) look your lover in the face, and say, "What—what can you mean, dear Alfred?" If the last words are spoken with a little tremble, so much the better. 2. Very suitable for brunettes. Give a start, flash a glance at the questioner, turn aside, and be unable to speak your emotion; one hand pressed high upon your bosom will express this effectually. 3. Safe in the hands of anybody, and generally considered a clencher. Burst into tears, covering your face with your hands. If you can't cry, droop your head upon the inquisitor's shoulder, and murmur, "Oh, William." 4. For "merry grigs" and nice little girls, it is enough to say "No!" pout, shake their shoulders, and look pretty.

MY KATE.

A NEW POEM, BY MRS. BROWNING.

She was not as pretty as women I know,
And yet all your best, made of sunshine and snow,
Drop to shade, melt to nought, in the long-trodden ways,
While she's still remembered on warm and cold days:
My Kate.

Her air had a meaning—her movement a grace,
You turned from the fairest to gaze in her face;
And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw as distinctly her soul and her truth:
My Kate.

Such a blue inner light from her eyelids outbroke,
You looked at her silence, and fancied she spoke;
When she did, so peculiar, yet soft was the tone,
Though the loudest spoke also, you heard her alone:
My Kate.

I doubt if she said to you much that could act
As a thought or suggestion; she did not attract,
In the sense of the brilliant and wise, I infer;
'Twas her thinking of others made you think of her:
My Kate.

She never found fault with you; never implied
Your wrong by her right—and yet men at her side
Grew nobler, girls purer, as through the whole town
The children were gladder that pulled at her gown:
My Kate.

None knelt at her feet as adorers in thrall;
They knelt more to God than they used, that was all;
If you praised her as charming, some asked what you meant,
But the charm of her presence was felt when she went:
My Kate.

The weak and the gentle, the ribald and rude,
She took as she found them, and did them all good;
It always was so with her—see what you have!—
She has made the grass greener e'en here with her grave.
My Kate.

For the Young.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

This is an interesting game for our young friends, and one, too, in which their older brothers and sisters and parents may join with them.

One of the company must leave the room, while those who remain choose some word of double or treble meaning, such as *beak*, *box*, or *right*, as *write*, *wright*, *rite* are all pronounced the same. When the word has been decided upon, the person who went out may be recalled, and it is his duty to ascertain what word has been selected by the answers given to the three following questions: First, he must ask each person in succession, "How do you like it?" If he is not able to then guess the word, he must go around again, asking each, "When do you like it?"—and if he does not then find out the word, he must go around the third time, asking, "Where will you put it?" And, finally, if unable to guess the word at the third round, he is to be crowned with a dunce-cap, and required to re-commence his questions, proceeding as before.

When he hits upon the right word, the person whose answer led him to conjecture it, must take his place, and leave the room while another word is chosen.

That you may not fail in understanding this game, we will tell you some of the answers that were given once when we saw a company of young persons playing it. The word *Beak* [illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

COUNSELS TO CHILDREN.

BY HORACE MANN.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

THE BEST MULES.

The following article on the best kind of mules for service, by Mr. Cockrill, of Tennessee, cannot fail to be read with interest by all who are engaged either in breeding or raising mules:

The mule is the great field laborer in the commanding staples of the South—cotton, sugar and rice; and as he is one of the annual exports of Tennessee, and as he will continue to be so, he is destined to hold even a higher position than heretofore among the live-stock of the State. Jacks of excessive heavy bone, or improper pampering, are generally lazy, or soon become so by labor, and become very slow; their driver may force them on, but in a few steps they take their slow, natural steps again. Such mules are, therefore, almost worthless, and should not be bred if it can be avoided. The most perfect are not to be expected from the excessively large, coarse-boned jacks, or excessive high feeding, but from the laws of nature carried out to the greatest perfection by skillful breeding and feeding.

An error has existed for many years, and still exists concerning the size of mules. Size has been made a measure of value in the mule, almost regardless of form and spirit, and so it has been in their sire, the jack.

I have been employing mule teams for twenty-five years in the cultivation of cotton in Mississippi, and my team now numbers one hundred. In this time I have used every variety of the mule (except the most inferior kind) that has ever been grown.

At the commencement of planting operations, I adopted the prevalent error, the size was the measure of value, and pursued it for many years, much to my prejudice. By long trial, and by comparing the relative performances and lastingness of the large teams which I have used, aided by observation and reflections, I am fully satisfied that the medium-sized mule, full of spirit and action, with a neat, firm leg and a round body, with his levers set right for easy motion, his head and ears up, ready to move at the word, is the animal of most value of this kind.

The laws of nature cannot be violated with impunity. The jack, when grown within scope of these laws, is a small animal. The mule is a medium between the jack and horse. Both the jack and mule by a hot-bed growth may be forced to be large animals. But in this forcing process, now more extensively pursued by Kentucky than any other State, what has been gained, and what lost?

They have gained large bone, coarse animals of large size, and at an early age full of defects, and soon ready to decay, because subject to disease, and large consumers of food.

They have lost symmetry, spirit, action, lasting endurance, and permanent value.

The error that I especially aim at, is the abandonment of almost everything else for size. The best combination of the requisite qualities in the mule is not found in the production of a hot-bed policy, which, by constant feeding, with everything that will hasten growth, brings out a large, coarse, forced, overgrown, awkward animal, which decays as fast as he has been grown. [illegible]

A NEW PLAN OF BREAKING-IN HORSES.—A new system of breaking-in horses, by means of a very few lessons, and so as to preserve all their precious qualities, has come into use; and what is singular, is that the author of it is a lady, named Isabelle. Having a great liking for horses, Madame Isabelle some years ago began studying the different systems employed in breaking-in horses, and came to the conclusion that they were all more or less defective. She then sought for a plan of her own, which should render the horse more tractable by developing its intelligence; and she succeeded in discovering one so perfect that the most restive horse is reduced to obedience in a very short time, and without the slightest ill-treatment. Her plan, as is almost always the case with things really useful, is very simple. She begins by making the horse carry his head high, and perpendicularly, whereby she prevents the weakness caused by the constant bending of the neck, gives free play to the muscles in the neck, and allows full action to be exercised over the mouth. Then she places on the horse a surcingle, surmounted by an iron rod 16 inches long, which is bent about four inches forward at the summit. On each side of the rod are placed four rings, destined to receive reins according to the height that may be desired. The horse soon gets accustomed to this check, and it exercises a great moral effect on him. He places his head in such a manner as not to suffer from the bit in the mouth, and thereby soon gets accustomed to being held in hand by his rider or driver. The surcingle also promptly accustoms him to adopt the best movements, and to advance when desired without offering any resistance. The breaker-in remains at the left of the horse, and is armed with a whip with a spur in it. After forming her system, Madame Isabelle went into Germany, and practised it with marked success on horses belonging to Prince de Lichtenstein, at Vienna. From Vienna she went to Russia, and there stopped two years. In the course of that time she rendered completely docile all the most restive horses of the old cavalry regiment at St. Petersburg, as well as those of the Emperor Nicholas. Recently she returned to France, and having explained her plan and stated its results to the Minister of War, she was, by the special direction of the Emperor, who was consulted, authorised to practice it on a number of young horses of the regiment of Guides, and with an equal number of recruits who had recently joined the regiment. The lessons were given under her direction at the riding-school of the Ecole Imperiale d'Application d'Etat Major. After the fifteenth lesson the horses manoeuvred with the tranquillity and precision of old troop horses. A few days ago, Colonel Fleury, who commands the regiment, manoeuvred the horses and recruits, and every one of the usual cavalry movements was admirably executed.

HOW TO DETERMINE THE HEIGHT A COLT WILL ATTAIN WHEN FULL GROWN.—Mr. Jas. B. Martin, of Lexington, Kentucky, gives out the following upon this point: "I can tell you how any man may know within half an inch, the height a colt will attain to when full-grown. The rule may not hold good in every instance, but in nine out of ten it will. When the colt gets to be three weeks old, or as soon as it is perfectly straightened in its limbs, measure from the edge of the hair on the hoofs to the middle of the first joint, and for every inch, it [illegible]

THE NITRE LAKES OF EGYPT.

In the midst of this sandy waste, where uniformity is scarcely interrupted by grass or shrubs, there are extensive districts where nitre springs from the earth like crystallized fruits. One thinks he sees a wild overgrowth with moss, weeds, and shrubs, thickly covered with hoar frost. And to imagine this wintry scene beneath the fervent heat of an Egyptian sun will give some idea of the strangeness of its aspect. The existence of this nitre upon the sandy surface is caused by the evaporation of the lake. According to the quantity of nitre left behind by the lake do these fantastic shapes assume either a dazzling white color, or are more or less tinted with the sober hue of the sand. The nitre lakes themselves, six in number, situated in a spacious valley, between two rows of low sandhills, presented—at least the three which we visited—a pleasing contrast, in their dark blue and red colors, to the dull hues of the sand. The nitre, which forms a thick crystallised crust upon these shallow lakes, is broken off in large square plates, which are either of a dirty white, or of a [illegible] color, or of a deep dark red. The fellahs employed upon this labor stand quite naked in the water, furnished with iron rods. The [illegible] which is removed being speedily renewed, the riches of its produce are inexhaustible. It is hence that nearly the whole of Europe is exclusively supplied with nitre, and this has probably been the case for ages; for Sicard mentions at the commencement of the last century, that then 36,000 cwt. of nitre were brought annually for the grand signor to whom it yielded 36 purses. By the side of one of the lakes, piled in large layers, was heaped the produce of last week's labors. My companion had occasion to find fault with the result of the [illegible] of one of the villages—the sheikh of the village stood before us—he sharply rebuked him, and to give the greater effect to his words he crossed his naked shoulders two or three times with a whip of elephant skin. The sheikh sprang nimbly as a gazelle into the lake and received his further instructions beyond arm's length. Such was the impressive discipline which even the Italian, who was a man of gentle manners, considered it necessary to adopt towards the Fellahs. The pieces of nitre, after undergoing a preliminary cleansing upon the banks of the lake, are carried to the castle, where by various processes, they become a dazzling white powder, and in this state it is carried in large quantities to Terranneh.—*Tischendorf's Travels.*

The Olio.

THE CALIFORNIA SNAKE-BIRD.—Along the coast of Southern California there exists a singular species of bird, generally called, on account of its well known mortal aversion to all members of the snake tribe, the "snake bird." It is not a bird of prey, but lives entirely on grain, like the gallinaceæ. When full grown, it measures two feet from the tip of its beak to the end of its tail. The tail has four or five long feathers tipped with white. Its feet are furnished with four toes, two in front, and two behind, and all are guarded with sharp, needle-like claws. When this bird finds a rattlesnake—and rattlesnakes are to be found [illegible]

The Riddler.

[illegible]